

Charred Words

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Charred Words

by [KillLaKillMe](#)

Summary

Satsuki sits down to finally confront her feelings about her mother, and her childhood through a letter that will never be sent. Based on Pills N Potions by Nicki Minaj.

After another grueling week of nightmares, Ryuko suggested Satsuki sit down and write a letter to their mother. Things she wanted to say, things she couldn't say. There was obviously some things she couldn't bring herself to think about, but, to finally get some of her burden on paper and out her heart did seem like a calming solution.

When they had first started their new lives in the city with all their friends, it was the first thing Ryuko did. When all the unpacking for their new apartment had been done, she sat at their new dining table and wrote a letter to their father.

She told him all about what had happened and how successful they had been in taking their mother down. She bragged about her adventures, and told him that he would be proud if he could see them now. She sealed it, and then burned it in the fireplace.

Satsuki couldn't understand why she would burn something so sacred, but Ryuko had told her, "It's supposed to be symbolic. The scars we have are still on our bodies, but writing out the feelings we have inside and burning them makes me feel better. Burning the letter is like sending those feelings away forever. It's like a surreal way of forgiving." It was the most profound thing that Satsuki had ever heard her sister say. And she was right. Ryuko looked a lot happier after writing that letter.

So Satsuki decided to write her own. (With the insistence of Ryuko, of course.) She inhaled shakily, letting out an uneasy breath. She stared at the blank lined paper in front of her. How could she put such a complicated time of her life in just a few short sentences? Ryuko never specified how long it had to be. She didn't want to write a three paged letter, only to burn it minutes later. Yes, there was the symbolicness of getting rid of all of the feelings, but it seemed....redundant to her.

She tied her hair back into a low ponytail and sighed, picking up her pen. She took a sip of her tea, and closed her eyes for a moment. Opening them again, she put the pen to the paper and began to write.

Then promptly scratched out what she had written. An annoyed expression crossed her features, and her mouth dipped down in a slight frown. She didn't want to relive the past. It's bad enough she was having horrible nightmares every night. The difference between her and Ryuko was that Ryuko just was emotionally scarred with abandonment and trust issues. It was still hard for her to let Satsuki go anywhere by herself, and she would make Satsuki promise her that she be back that night when they left for school in the morning.

Satsuki was both emotionally and physically scarred. Jagged, angry, marks criss crossed her back. Remnants of their mother whipping her until she bled. Satsuki let out a dry chuckle. Even after death that damned woman has a way of wiggling into her life and throwing a wrench into her happiness.

Well not anymore. She was going to write this letter, and she was going to do it now. This would be the last time that she would ever think of their mother, let alone even discuss the harrowing events of her childhood. Satsuki picked up the pen again, this time more confident

and sure of herself. She would write this, and then, with an eased heart, burn it. Just like Ryuko had. And then maybe, just maybe, she would find peace within just like she had, too.

An hour later, Satsuki stared teary eyed at the two pieces of word filled paper in front of her. It was the most painstaking thing she had ever done. But she had done it. And she was proud that she had done it. She sighed shakily and folded the paper in half, then stuffed them into a crisp white envelope. Getting up, she went to the fireplace, watching the dancing flames hiss and crackle. Sealing the envelope, she opened the gate in front of the fire, and tossed the parchment into it.

She stared as the flames devoured the letter, turning the brilliantly white paper a dark burnt black. Kind of like what their mother did to her heart and innocence. Satisfied, and not wanting to sulk in the past anymore, she began her shuffle out of the living room. But not before taking one last glance at the fireplace.

Dear Mother,

You will never see this. And I'm sort of happy you won't. Because if you had, it would have probably meant nothing to you. Let me start off by saying this: I still love you. Even though I will forever hate you for who you were, what you had become, and what you did to me, Father, and Ryuko. Especially Ryuko. Watching you throw her away like she was some play thing started a hatred in me that I never thought possible for a five year old to have.

And then you started touching me. In places that they taught us in school we should never be touched. And you kept doing it. And doing it. And doing it. And then there I was, eighteen years old, harded to the world and using others for my purposes. Just. Like. You. I suppose that's the 'Like mother, like daughter' inevitability, huh?

I will say this though. I'm glad you gave birth to Ryuko. Because she is the one who knocked me down from my power high. Because without her, I would still be like you. I would be a senseless tyrant, being controlled by those damned life fibers.

We will never see each other again. And that's a good thing. Because if I ever saw you again, I would kill you a second time. I am not as much forgiving as Ryuko. She refuses to curse you because she knows that there was still good in your heart. Father raised a naive girl.

I might sound mad for saying this, but I suppose I should thank you. You are our mother after all. And without you, we wouldn't exist. You were once kind, and you were once a great mother. And maybe, in some alternate universe, you still are.

Alas, this letter is getting long, but I wanted to let you know how I felt. I'm severely angry at you, though I will always love you. Ryuko says to forgive, but never forget. Fuck that. I will never forgive you. You deserve to rot in hell for what you've done to me and the people around me. Yet, I can't seem to completely hate you. Maybe you did have some good in you after all. It doesn't matter now anyway. This is my last words to you. I'm never going to write you again. Goodbye, mother, I hope wherever you are in the afterlife, suits you well.

Love, Satsuki.

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